WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

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OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

The following lines, selected by a lady who is a regular reader of the Journal, have been handed to us with a request that we publish them in our paper:—

Well, I will try and love her then,
But do not ask me yet;
You know my *own* dear dead Mamma,
I never must forget;

Don't you remember, dear Papa,
The night before she died
You carried me into her room?
How bitterly I cried!

Her thin white fingers on my head
So earnestly she laid,
And her sunk eyes gleamed fearfully,
I felt almost afraid;

You lifted me upon the bed,
To kiss her pale cold cheek;
And something rattled in her throat,
I scarce could hear her speak;—

But she did whisper—"When I'm gone
Forever from your sight,
And others have forgotten me,
Don't *you* forget me quite!"

It sometimes wakes me, and I think,
I'll run into her room,
And then I weep to recollect,
She's sleeping in the tomb.

I miss her in our garden walks;
At morn and ev'ning prayer;
At church—at play—at home—abroad,
I miss her ev'rywhere:—

But most of all, I miss her when
The pleasant daylight's fled,
And strangers draw the curtains round
My lonely little bed!

For no one comes to kiss me now,
Nor bid poor Anne—"Good night;"
Nor hear me say my pretty hymn;
I shall forget it quite.

They tell me *this* Mamma is rich
And beautiful, and fine;
But will she love you, dear Papa,
More tenderly than mine?

And will she when the fever comes
With its bewild'ring pain,
Watch night by night your restless couch
Till you are well again?

When first she sung your fav'rite song,
"Come to the Sunset Tree,"
Which my poor mother used to sing,
With me upon her knee.

I saw her turn her head away;
I saw your eyes were wet;
Midst all our glittering company,
You do not quite forget!

But must you never wear again,
The ring poor mother gave?
Will it be long before the grass,
Is green upon her grave?

He turn'd him from that gentle child,
His eyes with tears were dim,
At thought of the undying love,
Her mother bore to him!

He met his gay, his beauteous bride,
With spirits low and weak,
And miss'd the kind consoling words
The dead was wont to speak.

Long years rolled on—but hope's gay flowers
Blossom'd for him in vain;
The freshness of life's morning hours,
Never returned again!

Death of a Sporting Clergyman.—The Rev. Hardy M. Cryer, of Sumner county, Tenn., died on the 8th ult. He was buried with full Masonic honor. The deceased was a good man, but very eccentric. He is well known in the West for his connection with blooded horses about which he wrote much and well. In England he would have been a keen sporting parson, fond of fox-hunting and race horses—and perhaps none the worst Christian for that. He enjoyed a reputation for benevolence and uprightness, and possessed a vast variety of curious information, professional and miscellaneous. A friend tells a characteristic anecdote of the parson, which is worthy of mention. He owned a fine race horse in conjunction with a celebrated and successful turfman and trainer, and when the fact was made knwon to his parishoners, they made inquiry as to its truth, and the charge was brought home to him. At a meeting of the elders, the reverend gentleman was called before them to exculpate himself from the heinous offence of running a horse in a race. Feeling that it would be idle to put his defence upon the rational ground of the morality and utility of racing—a defence which he was very competent to make with ingenuity and force—he made up his mind to "confess and avoid," as the lawyer says. Accordingly he addressed them thus: "It's true, gentlemen, Tom Watson and I do own *Jake Creath* together—and he's not a bad horse either—when he starts he wins. Old man Watson trains and runs him at his own expense—I get half his winnings because I allow my half of the horse to run when Col. Tom's half goes. If you will provide a way for my half to remain in the stable during the race, I am perfectly willing to retire from the turf." Whether the elders were convinced by this logic, or were mollified by his having named the horse after Rev. Jacob Creath, a celebrated preacher, we know not, but he was not dismissed from his charge.

Critical Sarcasm.—In some parish churches it was the custom to seperate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short when a young woman, eager for the honor of her sex, arose and said—"Your Reverence, it is not among us."—"So much the better," answered the Clergyman, "it will be over the sooner."

From the American Protector.

STEALING MELONS.

I always took great pleasure in having a neat garden. I felt larger than common if I succeeded in raising cucumbers and other vegetables earlier than my neighbors; as if nature favored me especially. I had the earliest and best kind of fruits. But I was greatly perplexed with thieving boys. Almost every night in the season of fruit, my garden was visited, trees damaged, and rich flowers trampled down. I tried various ways to protect my grounds—had watch dogs, but they were either shot or poisoned—set traps, but they never caught anything, except now and then one of my own cats. As John Hobbs says,

"Traps every one knows, are no safeguard to apples.
Big dogs seldom bite one, and guns never shoot.
The chivalrous schoolboy each obstacle grapples;
And never desists till he pockets the fruit."

Finally I built a wall of solid mason work about my garden; but that did not answer. It was only by accident that I found out the way to save one's fruit; and noticing in the papers divers cautions to young rogues—I think it worth while to publish somewhat of my experience.

I have come to the conclusion that boys are as much influenced by malice as by love of good eating in such thieving. If they know a man to be closefisted, they will wrench open his fingers in some way. When I was a Freshman at the University, people about the College complained very much of their fruit being stolen by the students, and only one man escaped—and he was the only one who sent up a cart load of excellent apples and distributed them among the college boys.

I might have known, if I had thought of my own boyhood, that the way to manage boys is to treat them kindly. They have a natural code of honor which forbids them to do him an injury who shows a regard for them. It is no compliment to a man that boys love to vex him. It is a pretty sign that he has not any soul to speak of.

'What do you say, Jo? shall we come the grab over them melons to-night? It's going to be dark as thunder. Old Swipes will be snoring like ten men before midnight.'

'I should like the melons well enough, but we have to get over that pesky wall, and—'

'Oh, pshaw, Jo! I know a place where it's easy getting over. I know the way like a book. Come Jo! will you go it?'

Now I dislike extremely, to be an eavesdropper, and usually convey myself elsewhere, rather than allow my ears to be a highway for words not intended for me. But the conversation so intimately concerned my melons which I had taken some pains to raise, that I kept quiet and listened to the whole plan of the young scapegraces—so that I might make it somewhat bothersome for them.

Ned proposed to get over the wall on the south side by the great pear tree, and cut directly across to the summer house—just north of which were the melons.

Jo was a clever thick-lipped fellow, loved good fruit exceedingly, that is to say, as well as he did to lounge in an opening in summer time in a soft sunny place, and smoke cigars, and obstinate as an ass.—Get him once started to do a thing, and he would stick to it, like a mud turtle to a negro's toe, in spite of kicks or what not, till he had accomplished it. The other was a fiery dare devil, who didn't care so much for the melons as for the fun of getting them.

I made all needful preparations for the visit; put in brads pretty thick, in the scantling along the wall where they intended going over; uncovered a large water vat that had been filled some time, from which in dry weather I was accustomed to water my garden; dug a trench a foot deep or so, and placed slender boards over it, which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords fastened tightly—some eight inches from the ground. I picked all the melons I cared to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes about the size and shape of melons in their places.

They were right in supposing that it would be dark; but missed it a little in supposing 'Old Swipes,' as they called me, would be abed, though. The old man loves fun as well as they; and a little sprinkling of gray hairs has not altogether sobered him. I have the honor of being like Washington, in one respect—I will laugh as heartily as any mortal man, I believe I can roll in a perfect ecstacy; but as the old negro said of our country's Father, 'he did all his laughing inside,' so do I. One would think Old Swipes in the last agonies, to see him in a fit of his silent laughter. I expect I am somewhat unfortunate in being permitted to have enjoyment of this sort without hanging out the sign as others do, for I am an old bachelor, and am disposed to believe that if I had a little more India rubberly phiz I should have been married forty times ere this; I mean I should have had so many opportunities or more—as it is, Ichabod Swipes, Esq., with a flourishing business, an elegant establishment, and some ten thousand dollars ready money, never had a decided nibble in the pond matrimonial! What else could be the reason I cannot imagine, for truly I am not a bad looking specimen of human nature. But—

'Whist, Joe! Don't you hear something?'

I think very probably they did; for the words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a sound as of forcibly tearing fustian.

'Get off my coat tail,' whispered one—'There goes one flap, as sure as ---. Why get off, Ned.' And Ned was off—and one leg of his breetches too, nearly, as I supposed; for he was ah-ing, and all the time was telling Jo he believed there were nails in the side of the walls, for something had scratched him tremendously, and torn his breeches all to pieces. Jo sympathised with him, for he said half his coat was hanging up there somewhere.

The boys were more in earnest than ever, thinking that I had driven nails there on purpose to injure people and to tear their clothes.

'The old close-fisted bloat begrudges a little fruit.'

They started on, hand in hand; for Ned believed he knew the way. They had gotten byond the trees a little, when something went swash! swash! into the water vat. 'Gosh,' was the first exclamation I heard after that, and coughing and sneezing as though some one had the horse distemper—and then—

By—by—thun—thunder? That water smells rather old.

Ned was a little disposed to cut dirt for home, but the other's 'puppy-to-a-root-ativeness,' was too much excited to listen to any such proposition.

They concluded to stop a little time and listen, for fear they had roused me by their floundering in the water—and be drained of their extra moisture somewhat. I tho't I should burst forth into a roar of laughter as I listened to their whispered surprise—at the sudden revelation of a cistern of water there.

'Never heard any thing about it before; how odd that we should both tumble into it so?'

'The old people must have fixed it on purpose to drown people in.'

They concluded that they had not been heard, and shortly pushed on again for the melons. They presently perceived there was something unstable about the ground they were cautiously passing over. They whispered to each other what I could not distinctly hear—something about traps, and started to run to get beyond this suspicious footing. Both were caught by the cords, and headlong they went into a heap of briars and thistles and the like, placed there for their especial accommodation.

'Such a getting up stairs,' muttered one.

'Nettles and thistles—by Jemima Stotts how they prick!'

They determined to go on more cautiously.

'How thick they are, Jo! Come here. There's more than a dozen fat ones right here!'

Down they sat in the midst of them, and seemed to conclude that they had gotten pay for their mishaps.

'Here, Jo, take this muskmellon. Isn't it a lunker? Slash into it!'

'It cuts tremendous hard, Jim. Jim, it's a squash.'

'No it isn't,' said the other. 'It's a new kind, Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed.'

'Well, the old chap got sucked in, that's all.'

'Here, let me gouge into this watermelon—there goes a half a dollar! I've broke my knife.'

'If I did not know it was a watermelon, I should say it was a pumpkin.'

What further they did, while I went to the stable and unmuzzled the dog and led him into the garden, I cannot say. That they took long steps, the onion beds and flower pots revealed in the morning.

I thought that the boys, on the whole, must conclude that they had paid dear for their whistle, for they had not tasted of a melon, got scratched, clothes torn, were as wet as drowned rats, and pretty essentially frightened—so the next morning I sent invitations to all the young people in the village to a feast of melons in the evening—particularly to Ned and Jo—on the principle of returning good for evil—thinking that possibly it might be useful in the treatment of boys as well as men. My rooms were crowded betimes with bright-eyed throngs! though—Old Swipes looked so confounded sour, I suppose.

They would not have come, I presume, had it not been that my nephew, a great favorite with them, was spending the summer with me; for they obviously disliked me, and I don't know why they should do otherwise, for I had never noticed them, or appeared towards them as though they were worth noticing.

I went into my study, and soon such a whirlwind of fun as they raised. It was rich music—their silvery laughter.

I was well paid for what expense and trouble I had been at in raising the largest, best melons, by the rich sound of their hilarious voices. It brought before me the sunny days of my youth and its loved associations. Glorious days! I love to think of them.

My melons were never disturbed again.

THE RECIPE.

Don't be harsh to boys. Treat them as though they were going to be men, honest and true, presently. Meet fun with fun, and don't forget them when your nicest fruit is ripe. Newspape paragraphs, dogs, traps and frowns, are not half so potent for preserving apples and the like, as kindness.

TOM PAINE, THE INFIDEL.

Wm. B. Reed, Esq., recently delivered an eloquent lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of Philadelphia, upon the 'Life and Times' of Tom Paine, the Infidel, of which the Inquirer gives the following interesting sketch:

'Thomas Paine was a citizen of the world, and of course alien to every part of it. Born in Great Britain, he was an exile and an outlaw. Naturalized in America, he renounced her moderate republicanism, for the exaggerations of French democracy. A citizen of France, he became *ex-officio* an inmate of the *Conciergerie;* and was glad, not grateful, to escape with a head upon his shoulders. Buried in an American village, the grave was violated, and the bones of the restless cosmopolite were exhumed and carried abroad, in solemn mockery of the relics of holy men of old. Mr. Reed proceeded, without derogating from the actual value of Paine's services during the revolution, to define and mark their worth, and to correct the notion which in life he was so anxious to cultivate, that he was by common consent regarded as a great benefactor to America. Thomas Paine, the child of humble though reputable parents, was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, England, in 1737. His father was a member of the Society of Friends, and his mother was an Episcopalian. According to his own story, Paine was an infidel in the nursery. Mr. Reed alluded to this statement of the deceased, as given in his 'Age of Reason,' and commented upon it in a truly beautiful strain. The old man of sixty, he said (for such he was when these sad words were written) travelling back in memory to the hours of infancy, and persuading himself at the age of seven years that he was a reasoning infidel. The boy standing upon the garden steps, with the flowers and singing birds around him; with the sound of familiar prayer in his ears, seriously reflecting on thoughts of blasphemy. And fifty years afterwards, the childless, friendless man who never knew the softening influence of domestic relations, amid scenes of blood and carnage, at which even his heart, bold as it was, would sicken—for he wrote his Age of Reason in the midst of the Reign of Terror—boastfully recorded his persevering obdurate scepticism of all in God's written word, which could not be compassed either by his childish or his matured intelligence. * * * *

On the fall of Robespierre, when the prisons were opened, Paine, with a few other survivors, worn out with distress of mind and disease of body, was set at liberty. Soon after he published the second part of his Age of Reason, the blasphemies of which, said Mr. Reed, are enough to sicken the heart. Subsequently, in 1802, Paine returned to the United States. He at last took refuge on his farm near New Rochelle, where he lingered in obscurity until his death, in 1809, at the age of seventy-two.

Alluding to his death-bed scene, Mr. Reed closed his lecture in the most impressive manner; Paine dreaded being left alone, or being left in darkness, and screamed like a terrified child for his nurse and the light. He insisted on his nurse reading aloud; but it was not so much in order to take solace from what she read as to be satisfied by the sound of her voice, that she was at hand. About ten years after Paine's death Corbett made a pilgrimage to New Rochelle, disinterred the mouldering bones, and removed them to Great Britain. It was, said Mr. Reed, a piece of indecent and ineffectual mockery. The bones of the scoffer were looked on by such of the British people as knew anything about them, with no more regard than the anatomical student bestowed on the unknown carcase before him. And thus ended the story of one who was endowed with abilities that might have made an impression on the world, and have left a memorable trace behind him—an actor in scenes of commanding interest—a patriot in a certain though a narrow sense—but with all, infirm in the only high purpose which consecrated man's career on earth, and poor in the aspiration which alone dignified humanity—the aspiration for a reward which the 'world neither gives nor takes away,'—the mingling of the highest human qualities—the love of virtue and of truth, with a meek and humble sense of the power with which God had endowed us, and the love of freedom, with a decent reverence for authority and example, which constitute the perfection of human character—that of the conservative and Christian patriot.

From the Frederick Examiner.

SPOON FASHION.

BY FREDERICK MARYLAND.

'Talking of peculiar situations, gentlemen,' said Mr. Tatem, 'I was once in rather a singular fix myself.'

'How so—how was that?' said we.

'I will tell you. Sagers and myself had gone to Cape May, that favorite resort of fashion and folly, during one of the hottest seasons ever 'got up' on this continent. It was intensely hot! I perspire insensibly when I think of it! Have you ever been at Cape Island, gentlemen?'

A general negative shake of the head followed the question.

'Then permit me as a friend and well wisher, to warn you against the place. A more uninviting resort is not to be found. I have good authority for stating that it is the only unfinished portion of creation.—They have a legend down there which runs thus: 'The hands were at work on this spot at the tail of the sixth day, but night overtaking them, they were compelled to suspend operations, and thus the island was left incomplete!' To those who are familiar with the locality, this is certainly a plausible story. I have more than once heard it called the *'jumping off place.'* Sunshine and sand knee-deep are the strongest inducements to pay a second visit.—To be sure, they say something about the advantages of sea-bathing—but look at the risk. If you venture beyond your nose, the *under-tow* carries you out, and death by drowning is inevitable. After which follow 'grappling irons,' and then the indignity of a 'coroner's inquest!' The spot is distinguished by a half dozen stunted trees, two or three apologies for hotels, and three or four cabins painted red.'

'But the story, Mr. Tatem—the story.'

'All in good time, gentlemen. I said Sagers and myself were foolish enough to go down. Some two or three thousand people were there when we arrived, and every nook and corner was 'jam-full.'—After repeated solicitation, we finally succeeded in getting a small room with the privilege of sleeping two in a bed. The thermometer at 90 and two in a bed!—The thought is a warm bath of itself!'

'Don't descend to particulars, but give us the story.'

'Certainly. In the room adjoining ours, slept two beautiful girls—sisters—who, for reasons best known to myself, shall be nameless. One night, about a week after our arrival, I had gone early to bed, not wishing to participate in any of the abominable 'hops' that were given at our hotel.'

'Pooh—pooh! it's a ghost story,' said Nathan.

'No—gentlemen.'

'Then you were ducked with cold water,' remarked Mr. Blanchard.

'Wrong again! Although a cold bath would have been acceptable at the moment. I had been asleep for some time when I was awakened by the most musical voice imaginable, which said:

'*Bet, suppose we lay spoon fashion?*'

'Lay how? enquired I.'

'Gracious heavens! where am I?' ejaculated my unknown bedfellow, jumping three feet from the bed; and she (for it was a woman) would have jumped further, but want of room permitted no striking display of agility. Here was a situation for a modest man! Before I could say 'angels and ministers of grace defend us,' she had gathered up her 'dry goods' and made good her retreat from the room. I am not a coward, gentlemen—yet, I am free to confess that my nerves were slightly agitated. Who can she be? What can she have wanted here? Were questions that I could not answer. Had I been a believer in ghosts, I should probably have gone down to the grave with the conviction indelibly impressed upon my mind that I had actually been in bed with one of the long-faced gentry?'

'Well, what took place then? Who was she?'

'Be patient, you shall know everything. The two young ladies before mentioned sat opposite to me at the table. I had a very faint suspicion that one of them was a party to the transaction, and in order to remove all doubts, the next morning at breakfast, I enquired:

'Miss B. shall I help you to a little of this omlet?'

'If you please, sir.'

'Will you have it *spoon fashion?*' said I carelessly.

The deep blush that mantled her handsome face told more plainly than words that she was my ghost of the preceding night. Having gone up without a light, she had mistaken my room for her own, and, but for the 'spoon fashion' stratagem, Sagers would have probably discov-